The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as second-class matter.

THE well known Bixby thinks there is but one better country than Nebraska, and that lies on the right bank of the river Jordan. People should therefore remain in Nebraska until they are ready to immigrate to that fair land.

FRED HEDDE, the veteran editor of the Grand Island Independent, has leased his paper to Messrs. Geddes & Buechler, two enterprising young men to whom newspaper work is not new. We wish the new publishers abundant success.

A PETITION signed by 60,000 persons is ready to be presented to the Chicago board of education for the introduction of the bible, or of a book of select bible readings, into the public schools. It is signed by protestant clergymen, Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis, and all are agreed that the measure is one calculated to prove beneficial.

THE second, and probably the last attempt, of the state to recover on the bond of J. E. Hill for state money deposited in the wrecked Capital national bank, was clased Saturday afternoon and after deliberating two hours the jury returned a verdict for the defendant. The verdict is not a surprise to those who have closely followed the the case since it was instituted two years ago.

IT may perhaps be considered significant of the sentiment in the United States that at the very beginping of the congressional session four resolutions were presented in the United States senate bearing upon the Cuban rebellion and favoring recognition of the rebels as belligerents. Tne resolutions were introduced by Call, democrat, of Florida; Lodge, republican of Illinois; and Allen populist, of Nebraska. It will be seen that all parties and the south and north and west are represented in these resolutions. That's a good start toward a Cuban republic.—Hub.

A CONGRESSMAN from New Hampshire has introduced a resolution demanding why Secretary Morton refused to buy and distribute the garden seeds as he was ordered. The secretary does not believe in buying gaden seeds for distribution among the constituents or personal friends of congressmen and has said so rather emphatically. If the proper care is taken in distribution, we believe the sending out of these seeds is the proper thing. This office has in years past received several mail sacks full of these seeds and they have been well distributed and proved of benefit to the recipients.

IT IS expected that republicans in congress will agitate the question of restoring the duties on wool. By the repeal of those duties the treasury receipts have been diminished at the rate of $8,000,000 a year. By their repeal there has been a loss of more than $58.000,000 to the growers of wool; and this is a diminution of the purchasing power of one class of people to the extent of $58,000,000. By the repeal of them poison-tainted shoddy has been imported in more than a hundred times the proportion of its importation during the period of wool duties. By the use of this vile stuff hundreds of thousands of purchasers of "all-wool" goods have been cheated.

A FARMER of Sac county, Iowa, dropped a gold watch in his pig pen not long ago, and it was apparently swallowed by one of the big herd of porkers. The loser consulted a medium, who promptly pointed out the offender. The pig was killed and dissected, but no watch appeared. Then the medium made another journey into the regions of mystery and came back and pointed out another animal. This one was killed but with no better results. This would have aroused the suspicions of a wide-awake Nebraska farmer, but the faith of the Iowa man remained unshaken. The veracious Des Moins Register tells us that thirty hogs were slaughtered with no better result befor the farmer weakened and refused to go on with the sacrifice, to the great disapointment of the medium who stoutly maintained that he stopped when he was just on the eve of success. The next animal he insisted, was the one whose interior would yield up the missing chronometer. In the language of Washington Gladden, who says this is an age of unbelief?—Journal.

Pale, thin, bloodless people should use Dr. Sawyer's Uraline. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Loesley.

YELLOW JIM.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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[CONTINUED FROM FRIDAY.]

CHAPTER IV.

Summerlands lay in the heart of the Cumberland valley. War was raging there less than two years from that Christmas night. Tennessee, the Volunteer State, fully justified her name by sending to the conflict her choicest flower of manhood. Austin Reid, of course, went with the very first as captain in one of the regiments that fought in front of Richmond. Mrs. Reid had not tried to stay her husband's going. But she clung and kissed him with such heartbreak in her face that he almost felt it impossible to leave her.

At the front he got weekly letters from her, so filled with love and loss that her spell grew stronger than ever. By and by, when the fortunes of war gave all middle Tennessee to Federal domination, he was like a man distraught. Honor held him to his post. Love and duty called him to protect this dear helpless one. When at last news came that a considerable Federal outpost had been established just outside Summerlands' gate, he felt that he could let nothing stand in the way of going to her and bringing her within Confederate territory.

It was a perilous undertaking. Capture meant death on the gibbet—the spy's doom. But that weighed nothing with him. With infinite difficulty he made his way through the Federal lines and at last found himself just ere nightfall lurking in the swamp within sight of his own chimney smoke. A tall, many branched oak grew in the swamp's edge. He made for it, intending to shelter himself in it and reconnoiter the land. As he set foot amid the lower boughs some one above cried hushedly:

"Stop!" Then in the next breath: "God! You are Austin Reid!"

"And you are Yellow Jim," Reid said, falling back apace, his hand going at once to his pistol.

"Stop! We are on the same side," the other said, with a tinge of authority. "Do you think I am not as true to my south as you, as any man, dare to be?"

"I am glad to know it, but how do you happen to be here, then?" Reid asked, holding out his hand, which the other wrung hard.

"I? Oh, I am scouting! On detached duty," he said. "That is the most, the best, I can do. I know all this country roundabout, you see, and, so knowing, have managed to find out very much else that my commander will like to know."

"But how did you manage it?" Reid asked. "Jim, you were unfair to me," he added a little reproachfully. "If only you had told me. Believe me, I was not unmindful of your peculiar position. You might have gone with the heartiest godspeed."

"There were reasons," Jim said breathlessly. "I—I did not suffer. I had money—all I needed. I went straight to New Orleans, later to Paris. There I found people who had known Carroll Austin. The rest was easy. Of course I came back as soon as I knew there must be war."

"One would think you would fight on the other side," Reid said. "God knows, though, I am glad you are on ours. Tell me, have you found out anything about my wife?"

"She is safe and well," the other said, looking away. "They have set a guard about her house, so she shall be neither robbed nor frightened."

"Thank God for that! I have been frantic with anxiety. I ought to have known that her sweet eyes would tame the most savage wrath," Reid said, baring his head as he spoke of his wife. "No man worth killing would ever harm her if once he heard her speak and saw her smile."

"You had better not try to see her," Jim said a little anxiously. "Take my word that she is safe and cannot possibly come to harm. You will almost certainly be captured if you venture within gunshot of the house. I myself have narrowly escaped it more than once."

"But I must see her—I will, no matter what the risk," Reid said with a straining gaze toward his home. Jim gave him a curious, pitiful look, then said, lightly shaking his head:

"As you please. Perhaps it can be managed if we wait until 10 o'clock tonight."

It was a little later when they wormed themselves through the chain of sentinels and came under Mrs. Reid's windows. Inside all was light and mirth. Lisette sat at the piano with

Jim caught and held him fast.

half a dozen men, in blue uniforms with shoulder straps and gorgeous gold lace, hovering about her, each eager, it seemed, for a word, a smile from her. She had taken the officers to board, for protection, she said. So much Jim had learned and told to Austin Reid before they ventured in. Now, they saw her cheeks two damask roses, her eyes full of happy light as she played or sang for each of the group around her whatever he most desired.

There was charming light coquetry in it all. Her eyes fairly danced sometimes as she broke from some patriotic song into the chorus of "Dixie" or "My Maryland." The watchers outside saw that she was somehow full of triumph. Reid began to breathe hard. Jim laid a hand over his lips.

Presently the men began to go away one by one. For each Lisette had a gay good night, but not one of them touched her hand. At last only one remained, a handsome fellow, tall and soldierly, with a colonel's strap on his shoulder. He had been throughout the evening the most silent of the group, with a consuming fire eyed silence that had made Reid ache to throttle him. Now he came close to Lisette. The piano sat in a recess by the end window, outside which the two men crouched. Those within were a bare two yards away. Involuntarily Jim crouched lower, then nearly sprang upright. The man inside had taken Lisette in his arms and laid his lips to hers in a long, long kiss.

Reid sprang up like one mad. Jim caught and held him fast.

"Be quiet! You must!" he said, with his mouth at the other's ear. Reid was struggling with giant strength.

"Let me go! I will kill you if you try to stop me!" he panted. "God, she is my wife!"

"No; she is mine!" the other said, still holding him hard. "It was Jim who died in the swamp that night. Heaven knows I wish it had been me. I took his coat and put my ring upon his finger. Darkness and the poison did the rest. Now you know all. Let us get out of this. She has enough to answer for without your blood."

The two had fallen to earth in their struggle. A thunderous sound came to them as they lay along it. By the time they had scrambled up there came dashing out of the world of dusk a full thousand of the merriest rough riders the world has ever seen. They might have sprung magically from earth, so wild and sudden was their coming. Straight at the sleeping camp they rode. It was trot, gallop, charge, load, fire, strike home—a melee of horns and hoofs and saber flashing, with the rebel yell ringing clear through the still night and twice 500 voices shouting:

"Morgan! Morgan! John Morgan's come to town!"

Surprised in sleep though they were, the bluecoats rallied gallantly. At the first shot the colonel had dashed from the house to find himself confronting Austin Reid. Next minute he had been flung heavily to earth and felt a strong hand gripping his throat. Some one pulled it away. He heard a voice say huskily:

"Let him up, Austin. She is not worth it. I say that—and love her still, better than my life."

The colonel dashed away, shouting aloud to his men. They had formed about the mansion and sent out volley after volley that emptied many a saddle. Lisette ran out, white and screaming, toward the thick of the fight. Austin Reid made to lay hold on her, but the other thrust him aside. Clasping her close, he ran for a cover of thick shrubbery at the farther gate. Almost he had reached it when there came a cross fire from friend and foe.

One heaven sped bullet was merciful. It went through the pair and left them without sense or motion. Over and around the din of battle swelled. But one husband of a fair wife had made sure of her, alike for time and for eternity.

THE END.

A CURIOUS FRENCH CUSTOM.

The Basfanel and the Part He Plays In Finistere Weddings.

Marriage customs in Finistere have remained among the peasants very much what they were centuries ago, and their old fashioned ceremoniousness is not their least interesting peculiarity. The Breton peasant of today has an almost religious respect for these notions of polite manners which have come down to him from his forefathers of the middle ages, who, as far as they dared, imitated the etiquette of their princes or nearer feudal lords. The basfanel, who, with stately bows and old fashioned phrases, performs the delicate office of asking for a girl in marriage on behalf of the suitor, is really acting the part of a matrimonial embassador. But the basfanel's functions do not end here.

When the bride has been undressed and put to bed by her maids, all the wedding party reassemble in the nuptial chamber, which is more often than not the kitchen and general room. Then the basfanel steps forward, and on behalf of the whole company he addresses the final felicitations to the young couple.

This courtly personage is almost invariably a tailor. His habit of going from house to house in the exercise of his calling—the rural tailor seldom works at home—enables him to become the best informed man concerning the private affairs of all the families in his district. He is a great favorite of the women, because he is to them an unfailing fountain of local gossip and scandal. Their liking for him causes the men to despise him, but they nevertheless have recourse to his services as an intermediary whenever the need arises. Such is the basfanel, a name more suggestive to the Breton of ridicule than respect.—Temple Bar.

Fur.

Fur, after some years' wear, will look much improved if cleaned with new bran previously heated in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of flannel, shake the fur to remove all particles, and then brush thoroughly. The fur will clean more easily if the lining and wadding are first removed, but such removal is not absolutely needful. The flat, oily look which mars the appearance of the neck portion of furs long in use is mostly if not wholly removed by the means of hot bran. Rub the fur the wrong way, this meaning in this particular instance the right way.

Not Seeing, Not Believing.

There was a man in Nottinghamshire who discontinued the donation he had regularly made for a time to a missionary society. When asked as to his reasons, he replied: "Well, I've traveled a bit in my time. I've been as far as Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and I never saw a black man, and I don't believe there are any."—London Standard.

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—Coleridge.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

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PROPERTY NOW WORTH MILLIONS STAKED ON FOUR QUEENS.

How Nicollet Island, at Minneapolis, Passed Out of Possession of Pierre Bottineau. His Connection With the Early History of Minnesota.

There recently died at his home in Red Lake Falls a man who was so thoroughly identified with the early history of Minnesota that to relate it without mentioning his name would be like trying to make bricks without straw. This man was Pierre Bottineau, the offspring of a French father and an Indian mother, and he possessed all the characteristics of both races.

Mr. Bottineau was a native of what is now North Dakota, having been born 12 miles west of the place where Fargo, N. D., now stands. At the time of his birth Lord Selkirk formed a colony of Swedes and Scotchmen near Fort Garry, and when Bottineau was 10 years of age these people began an exodus for other points. Young as he was, Bottineau was an experienced guide, skilled in wood and prairie craft, and more than one of Lord Selkirk's colonists he piloted out of the wilderness.

In many of the early expeditions of the United States government Pierre was employed as a guide and scout, and was one of the principal members of the noted Sibley expedition, which crossed the plains in the early days. He was well acquainted with almost every foot of the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and at one time was the owner of vast tracts of valuable land, which he subsequently lost in one way or another. Mr Bottineau was a warm friend of James J. Hill, the railway magnate, having met him at St. Paul when that place was little more than a trading point and where Mr. Hill was employed as a freighter.

In 1841 Mr. Bottineau took up a claim on the spot where St. Paul now stands, but after having held it for a short time traded it for a horse and cow, which he drove away to his home in the wilderness, little thinking that the land he had almost given away would in a few years be the site of a great city. Later on Mr. Bottineau purchased for a small sum a large portion of what is now Minneapolis, but lost the greater portion of it through the dishonesty of purchasers and the rest through his weakness for poker, a game which he thought he understood, but which other people understood better than he did.

There is a story, which the elder residents of Minneapolis declare to be true, that Bottineau was once the sole owner of Nicollet island, lying in the Mississippi river, which divides Minneapolis into east and west Minneapolis, and which is now one of the most important business and residence districts in the city and valued at many millions of dollars, and that he lost it during a game of poker. A party of men met one evening at the home of one of them, so the story goes, to play their accustomed game. The stakes kept growing larger and larger, until every jack pot contained a small fortune, even for that early day.

Ever since the game had begun Mr. Bottineau had been losing steadily, but at last he was dealt a hand upon which he hoped to regain all his losses and win something besides. He was given four queens pat, and drawing one card, secured an ace, leaving only four kings with which his hand could be beaten.

As he saw—or thought he did, which amounted to the same thing—one of the players discard a king, he considered his hand invincible and played it accordingly. His opponent also considered his hand a good one and promptly raised every bet made by Bottineau.

Soon all the players but Bottineau and his opponent dropped their hands and retired from the game, after which they sat and watched the conflict. The table was heaped with money and the personal belongings of the two men, who were wishing they had more to wager upon their respective hands. At last all the men possessed lay on the table in front of them, and it was Bottineau's bet. Carefully looking over his cards, he thought a moment and then remarked that all he had left was Nicollet island, which was once the home of Father Hennepin, one of the earliest settlers of Minnesota, his log cabin having stood upon a little mound in the center of the island up to a few years ago, when it was pulled down to make room for the residence of Colonel King.

This island Bottineau was willing to bet against $200. The bet was called by the man on the opposite side of the table and Bottineau laid down his four queens with a smile of triumph on his face. With a shout his opponent laid on the table face up, four kings and a tray. There was a dead silence for a moment. Then Bottineau called for writing materials, made out a deed to the island and left the place. Since that day he never touched a card or countenanced gambling in any form.

After drifting around the country for a time Bottineau came to Red Lake Falls, where he took up a claim and where he remained up to the time of his death, at the age of 84 years. He gradually acquired other property and left his heirs a valuable estate. With the death of Pierre Bottineau passes away the last of the old time Canadian voyagers and guides, such an important factor in the upbuilding of the northwest. He was the father of 27 children, only a few of whom survive him. The one best known is J. B. Bottineau, who spends much of his time at Washington as the attorney of the Turtle Mountain Indians.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Identifying a Warcloud.

"Better git them ducks out," said the barkeeper to the bouncer, "before they git to fightin."

"Which ducks?"

"Them two settin at the fur table, that's tellin each other what good friends they are."—Indianapolis Journal.

DIDN'T KNOW THE ROPES.

An English Editor's Experience With an Adirondack Railroad Train.

When Mr. Cust, editor of William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Gazette, was in New York at the time of the Valkyrie-Defender finish, foul and fizzle, he went up to the Adirondacks for some fishing and shooting. Mr. Cust traveled with a good deal of luggage, and the backwoodsmen at Childwold, where he left Dr. Webb's railroad, were inclined to grin at the sight of a man going into the woods with so many gripsacks and bundles. But the Englishman was not disturbed. He had a good time and got some good game. When he got ready to come out of the woods, he went back to Childwold with all his boxes, bags and portmanteaus. He intended to take the day train for New York, which was due at Childwold about 12 o'clock. When the train pulled into the station, Mr. Cust stood on the platform with his luggage piled up around him. Conductor Clarke saw him there, but when Mr. Cust made no motion to board the train Clarke gave the signal to Pat Cummings, the engineer, to go ahead, and Pat did, leaving Mr. Cust standing on the platform.

Now it happened that Mr. Cust was the guest of Dr. Seward Webb, who owns the Adirondack railroad. When the train pulled out and left him, he told the station agent who he was and then followed some lively telegraphing. When the train got to Horseshoe Pond, Conductor Clarke got orders from headquarters to uncouple his engine and go back to Childwold for Mr. Cust. The run back up the road was made in lively time. Mr. Cust and his boxes were put into the cab, and the engine raced back to Horseshoe Pond, where the surprised passengers were wondering what on earth had happened. Mr. Cust wasn't at all put out. It was a new experience for him, and he rather enjoyed it.

"I was rightly left," he said to Conductor Clarke. "It was quite right. I was there with my luggage, you know, but when the train came in I saw no porter or guard, and there was no one to put me aboard. I've not been here before, you know, and I'm not familiar with your d——d American methods of railroading. I was rightly left, rightly left."—New York Sun.

HENRY CLAY WAS RATTLED.

But He Remembered a Quotation That Did Just as Well as the Missing Words.

In the early twenties of this century Mr. Clay was appointed by the legislature of Kentucky a commissioner to Virginia to ask of that state that a commission be appointed to make a definite line of demarcation between the two states. Upon his arrival in Richmond he was received with great courtesy by its most distinguished citizens. He said that his profession, politics and affairs of government had occupied his time so exclusively that he was aware of knowing little of polite literature or the favorite publications of the day. This prompted him to ask an old friend whom he knew to be a literary man to select some lines to introduce when addressing the legislature as a quotation expressive of his feelings to the state of Virginia as his birthplace. His friend suggested a stanza from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he highly approved and memorized.

The day appointed for his address found the galleries, halls and every available space crowded with eager, expectant auditors, and many beautiful women in bright attire gave brilliancy to the scene. He held the attention of his audience with entire success until he came to the part where he meant to introduce the quotation. Then his memory failed him. The shock was appalling for a moment. He stood rigid and pale before a thousand watchful eyes, in his mind only a blank, before him a turbulent sea of upturned faces. With a characteristic gesture he threw up his hands to his forehead, and in his most sonorous tones he recited the following words:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

concluding his speech amid deafening applause.

Every one present had supposed that he was overcome by emotion, and none but the friend who had selected the quotation for him perceived the cause of his momentary panic.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Henry M. Stanley on Interviews.

"Is this Mr. Stanley?"

Stanley stopped coolly, and giving his questioner a somewhat surprised and sour stare responded with a reluctant affirmative.

"Have you the time or inclination to give a brief interview?"

"Interview! Good God, sir! Is there no way to escape the newspapers? Why, it is worse than the passport system in Russia. I cannot put my foot on the soil anywhere in this country without being confronted thus. I have done my best to avoid it. If I were to make up for a minstrel show, I would, no doubt, be discovered. You are simply driving me out of the country. I would have been glad to remain ten days at Puget sound if I could have done so in peace, like any other unobtrusive traveler, but they were there to meet me with notebooks and pencils."—Portland Oregonian.

How to Reduce Your Weight.

When you are dieting to reduce flesh, you must eat stale bread, and give up potatoes, rice, beets, corn, peas, beans, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat, and, as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath (where possible) and invariably go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.—Ladies' Home Journal.

As Women See Women.

Alice Stone Blackwell, in answer to a question by a Boston paper, wrote: "The question, Are women more charitable toward the faults of other women than men are? must be answered in the negative. Men see the faults of women through a certain softening glamor of sex. Women look at them clear sightedly and with an impartiality that is often pitiless."

The Koran forbids true believers to destroy the vines, palm trees, fruit trees, corn and cattle even of their worst enemies.

W. W. YOUNG

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